

I should as soon think of living with-

Russia Salve house as my Russia Salve. It is the only thing I ever knew or heard of that is a sure cure

for inflamed eyelids. It is wonderful .-- Mrs. F. A. GARDNER, 110 Trial Size 10 Cents.

FITZ JOHN PORTER.

Me Is New Cashier of the City Post Office

A striking instance of the vicissi tudes public servants are called upon to undergo in this republic of ours is presented in the case of Gen. Fitz John Porter, whom Postmaster Dayton, of New York city, has appointed eashier of the post office at a salary of \$2,600 per year. Gan. Porter is now seventyone years old. His father was Com mander John Porter of the navy, and he was born in Portsmouth, N. H. He studied at the Phillips Excteracademy and at the West Point military academy. In 1845 he was assigned to the Fourth artillery, of which he became second lieutenant in 1846. He served in the Mexican war, in which he When the civil war began he was made colonel of the Fifteenth infantry, and Jater brigadier general of volunteers. On July 4, 1962, he became major general of volunteers. On August 29, 1862,



at the second battle of Bull Run, he was ordered to advance with his troops. He did not do so, although the next day his men were in the fighting. The following January he was eashfered by court martial and disqualified for holding office under the government. President Hayes revoked the second part of the finding and President Cleveland signed a bill for the relief of Gen. Porter, who was reinstated in the army with the rank of colonel, When he was retired he became supertendent of the New Jersey asylum for the insane. In 1835 he was appointed commissioner of public works in New York and in 1884 a police justice. This place he kept four years. In 1869 the khedive of Egypt offered him command of the army with the rank of major general, but he deckined the place.

About the Koran.

The Koran, the sacred book of the Mehammedans (usually spoken of by oriental scholars as the "Alcoran"), was composed by Mohammed (Mahomet), and is said to have originally been written upon the bleached shoulder blades of sheep. The first edition contains 6,060 verses; the second and stack a attacher thing a growth for the formath 6.236; the sixth, 6,225, and the seventh, or "Vulgate" edition, 6,225. The words and letters are the same in all editions, never own himself such a tool to her. translation) is divided into 114 chap-

Doubts as to Peduncle.

Mand-How do you like that young Mr.

either very stupid or he's an impudent thing, and he said: Squires, you certainly look well enough

"Well, what of that?"

Inconvenience of Knowledge. First Medical Student-What's wor-Pring you?

Second Medical Student-You know Beautie.

Yes, and I have noticed lately that self. sion.

It's love or her liver."-N. Y. Weekly,

The Unreality Chylons. Cospar Corker-Say, cull, I dreamed tas' night that I climbed to the top of

a tall mount'n an' found a waggin load Jonns Deadbeat-Tough when you

waked up, wasn't it? Caspar Corker-No: I knowed I was fireamin' or I'd never o' climbed that mountain. - Chier go liccord.

Skookum Root Hair Grower



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THE SKODKUM ROOF HAIR GROWER CO., 3 67 South Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.  HAVE YOU WRITTEN TO MOTHER?

Pray may I ask you, worthy lad, Whose amile no care can smother; Though busy life throbs round about, Have you written home to mother?

You are fast forgetting, aren't you, quite,

How fast the weeks went flying; And that a little, blotted sheet, Unanswered, still is lying? Don't you remember how she stood, With wistful glance at parting? Don't you remember how the tears Were in her soft eyes starting?

Have you forgotten how her arm Stole round you to carets you? Have you forgotten those low words; "Good by, my son, God bless you?"

Oh! do not wrong her patient love. Save God's, there is no other So faithful through all mists of sin; Fear not to write to mother.

Tell her how hard it is to walk. As walked the Master, lowly: Tell her how hard it is to keep A man's life pure and holy.

Tell her to keep the lamp of prayer, A light, a beacon burning: Whose beams shall reach you far away Shall lure your soul returning Tell her you love her dearly still,

For fear some sad to-morrow Shall bear away the listening soul. And leave you lost in sorrow. And then through bitter, failing tears, You will remember when too late
You did not write to mother.

—Jane Ronalson, in Banner of Gold.

TWO CHARMERS.

earned several promotions for bravery. He Might Have Been Happy with Either, But-

> Mr. Middleton was in love, hopelessly, irretrievably in love; and he felt sure that his passion was returned. That being the case, and his financial condition warranting him marrying whenever and wherever he pleased, one might expect him to be a very happy man, indeed; instead of which, he was plunged into the lowest depths of de-

> spair.
> The trouble was this: Mr. Middleton was in love with two women instead of one, and he positively could not decide which of the two be wanted to marry. He loved them both with all his heart, and he was certain that each of them was only waiting for him to make his declaration in due form, to tell him how much she loved him in return.

> The first young woman at whose shrine he worshiped was Dora Paine, a sprightly little brunette with charming manners, a beautiful face and unusual intellectual gifts. He had known her only a year, but they were on terms of the most friendly intimacy. He was a constant visitor at her father's house and her ready attendant at places of social amusement. He felt that he must become either less or more at once; his manly instincts demanded that he should delay the matter no longer. But there was Agnes Moulton. During the preceding winter an old friend of his mother had visiting her a young orphan girl by that name. Agnes was in great sorrow and shunned all gay society. Mrs. Grytan begged him to come often to help her cheer her visitor, and this cheering process had led to his second infatuation. He had corresponded with Agnes ever since she went back to her brother's home; and he was sure from the tone of her letters that she returned his affection.

What was he to do? He puzzled over the relative merits of blonde and brunette, weighed in the balance the numerous virtues of each, tried every possible and impossible plan for finding out one's own mind-all to no purpose. He was too thoroughly ashamed of himself to take anyone into his confidence. Mrs. Grytan was his nearest matronly friend, but she stood in too intimate relations with Agnes to be considered for a moment. If it were any other matter, he would go to Josephine, but he could

The George Sale (common English his life, Only a year his junior, she girls to whom he paid his addresses nowadays. He was thirty-five now, and he remembered with what impatience he had waited for the day he Irene-I don't like him at all. He's lay his fortune at her feet in true heattained his majority, that he might role fushion. She was twenty then, and I said to him at the party inst how she had laughed at him for a night that I didn't feel like eating any- silly boy. Their friendship had re-"Why, Miss mained unimpaired, however, and Josephine had gone on teasing and lecturing him just as she had done since they "Well, what of that?"
"Why, he should have said I looked friendship had grown to be a very good enough to eat." - Chiengo Tribune | pleasant one and Jesephine seemed to him like an older sister. He went to her in all his perplexities, and she had had no little share in his professional suceess. But he had never spoken to her of love affairs; indeed, till his present I am desperately in love with Miss dilemma he had never had any since his boyish devotion to Josephine her-

the has a sad, dreamy, soulful express. So he hid his trouble and broaded over it. He spent evenings at the "That's it. I don't know whether Paine's vowing todecide before he went home; he came home more deenly in ter from Agnes bad still ail its old power over him. He was growing thin. Where was this matter to end?

One night, at the club, he said to a brother member: "lial, what do you do was soon in the full tide of fushionable when you can't decide between two life once more; and he scarcely saw Jo-

"Toss up. Settles things every time, decide. Here you are, Gus, heads or

Hal threw up the coin. He watched | Clark, in Albany Journal. the result engerly. "Tails!" exclulmed Hal, and tails it

"Thank you, I'll follow the coin. Good night, have an engagement."

He started for the Paine's cursing himself all the way for his treatment of Agnes, yet happy beyond measure in the thought that the matter was finally settled. He would write to Armes to-marrow and tell her of his engagement to Dora; but no one else must know it for the present except Jose-

stupid of him to forget that they left town that day to attend a wedding and were not to be home till Thursday. He went around to Josephine's and spent the rest of the evening. She played for him as she only could play, and chatted of books, his work, the thea-ter, all with her matchless charm. Dora must be intimate with Josephine when they were married; he could not give up his friend even for the dearest cat grass.

little wife in the world, he thought.

"Bless that cent!" he exclaimed ec-statically, "this makes all clear sailing. Dora will be home to-morrow, and I'll be an engaged man before another Thursday night is the Beldon ball; I'll settle matters there."

Thursday night came, Dora was bewitchingly attired in a floating mass of pale yellow gauze which made her look like an escaped sunbeam. Toward the close of the evening he managed to get her away from her circle of admirers into the conservatory, that paradise of lovers, where he poured out his passion. What was his astonishment and indignation to meet with a decided refusal. She was engaged already, she assured him; her lover was poor and she was young, and it had been thought best not to announce it at present. He reproached her with unfair conduct to himself, and she replied: "I am sure I never dreamed of your meaning anything by your little attentions to me. Everyone thinks you are engaged to Miss Ferrars and Mrs. Grytan told mamma months ago that she was sure there was an understanding between you and Agnes Moulton."

Chagrined and furious, Mr Middleton made his way back to the ballroom, where he vented his spite in a way fatal to his best interests. He vowed to himself that he would marry before either of those girls should do so. Who was his partner for the next dance? Lilly Edgerton. He would propose to her as soon as it was over; she was a nice girl enough, used to be a great belle, had flirted desperately. but what of that? Marry he would and at once. He carried out his inten-tion; Miss Edgerton was much astonished, and she may have had a shrewd suspicion of the truth; but she was too clever a woman of the world not to profit by her opportunity, and she ac-

cepted him immediately. He went the next evening to see Josephine, before going to place his betrothal ring on Lillie's finger, and told her of his engagement. Her face was a study in which sorrow and surprise were strongly blended. "She thinks me an ass," he muttered to himself as he left the house, "and she thinks about right."

Less than a month later the fashionable columns of the daily newspapers chronicled a brilliant wedding in which Mr. Augustus Middleton and Miss Lillian Edgerton were the contracting parties. There was a trip to the Bermudas, a series of receptions in their new home, and all the feting and attention usually shown a newly-married

On one of these occasions Mrs. Mid-€lleton said to her husband: "Do you see how devoted Fred Cartester is to Josephine Ferrars? I hope it will make a

"Josephine!" he exclaimed, in an anmoyed tone. "Impossible!" He had come to regard Josephine as his own especial property. Surely his friend was not going to desert him, too.

"Why impossible?" demanded Mrs. Middleton, sharply. "She is no older than I and much more agreeable than ra ost of those chits of girls."

"She is thirty-two. I thought you were twenty-four." "So I am to the world at large. You don't suppose any woman out of her teens tell the truth about her age, do

Mrs. Middleton had no intention that the intimacy between her husband and Miss Ferrars should continue, and she smoke her real sentiments when she said she hoped for the match. It was not made, however, and a month later Mrs. Ferrars and her daughter left town for an extended trip abroad.

Mr. Middleton, having married in haste, now had time to repent at leisure. He found that his wife was a selfish, worldly woman, with not a little of the shrewd in her make-up. She cared nothing for him, and for his home, only that she might exhibit its and all the children are usually presbeautiful appointments to the outside world. He missed his old friends, with whom his wife would have nothing to seemed quite passee compared to the | do, and he could not endure the fashionable circle with which she surrounded herself; so he gave his days to the law and his evenings to the club, and sighed sometimes for the bachelor days when he was free to picture an ideal home of domestic felicity. But if Mrs. Middleton did nothing else for her husband, one thing she did with entire thoroughness, she took the conceit out of him. He was a much smaller man in his own estimation than when he had offered his name and his fortune to Lillian Edgerton. He knew now that he had never loved anyone but Josephine Ferrars; and he felt himself to have been an egregious fool that he had not tried to win in his mature manhood what she had denied to his callow youth. He did not suspect the truth, though his wife did, that he would have been entirely successful.

To end in the regulation way, Mr. Middleton ought to have found himself a widower at the end of the year, with a tiny baby girl dependent upon him for love and care; and Josephine on her return from Europe, should have been love with Dora than ever, to find a let- | prevailed upon to be a mother to the little creature; but things do not end

in the regulation way in real life. On the contrary, Mrs. Middleton presented him with a bouncing boy and apparently equally good courses of ac-tion?" sephine again. She married an Ameri-can artist whom she had met abroad, and removed to a distant city, while feeble brain over decisions that won't | Mr. Middleton devoted his life to his profession and to his children, and and in them some of the happiness "Hends." For Agnes, he said to him- that in a moment of pique he flung away at the Beldon ball.-Lucretia

MIS FEELINGS WOUNDED.



Hunter-G-o-o-oed morning, dear Mr.

Lion-Shut up, and get out of my way, or I'll bite your head off. Hunter-Don't snap me up like that!

-Truth. How They Learn. Little Dot-I don't see how cows can

Little Dick-I s'pose when they is The next morning came a letter from young the mother cow keeps sayin' to Agnes, and jay of joys! She wrote him their childrens: "If you don't eat grass, that she was engaged to be married, you sha'n't have any pic."—Good News. A ROYAL HAUSFRAU.

Domestic Tastes and Occupations of the German Empress.

A Bit of Court Gossip-How the Princes of Augustenburg Became the Wife of the Impetuous Prussian Crown Prince.

The marriage between the present emperor and empress of Germany was admittedly not a "love match." In fact, it is said that at the time his marriage was being discussed the emperor was desperately in love with one of his cousins, the eldest daughter of the grand duke of Hesse, marriage with whom was impossible under the alldominating Bismarck, whose diplomatic policy would have been seriously disarranged by it. The Iron Chancellor therefore arranged the union with Princess Augusta Victoria of Augustenburg with the idea that it might heal the rather serious breach between the Holsteiners and the Prussians. The pair were married in Berlin in

1881 after a wooing all too brief and cold, and the princess at once discovered that she had a difficult part to play. Between her headstrong young husband and his English mother, old Kaiser Wilhelm and Prince Bismarck. all of them scheming and each of them at times pulling a different way from the rest, her task was very trying, but she succeeded well and gradually won the sympathy and respect of every one with whom she came in contact. She had the faculty of speaking the soft answer that turneth away wrath and bitions to commonplace home duties prevented and pacified many bitter quarrels by a timely word. The old kaiser grew to like her very well infeeling than a marriage arranged as ! his had been would seem likely to His mother and sisters were entirely

From the first the princess showed a broker's office. the domesticity of her tastes, devoting herself as much as possible to househerself as much as possible to house-hold matters and taking no lead in the tecture. His ideal occupation had to social affairs of Berlin and as little interest in them as was compatable with her position. Since she has become



empress she has changed little in this German hausfran than the social house and family, giving an attention | friends and relatives. to details that would surprise many so-

ciety women. The routine of the empress' daily life is almost unvarying - at 8 o'clock breakfast with the emperor; at 9 a visit to the nurseries of her seven children, always in the pleasantest part of whichever palace may be the royal bome for the time being; at 10 an interview with her housekeeper and inspection of the household accounts; at Il a drive with the emperor or a walk with some of the children. Lugeheon is served at 1 o'clock, and the emperor ent, the family having a general discussion and romp afterward for an

hour. From 3 to 5 the empress receives. Dinner is at 6 o'clock. At this meal as many as fifty invited guests sometimes assist. The empress is usually profusely decorated with jewels and does not dress in the best of taste, being too fond of vivid colors, but she is extremely watchful of the comfort of her guests, and the slightest mishap must be accounted for by the servants. When the guests have departed, the royal pair always pay a good night visit to the nursery, and if any one of the princelings is ill the empress will spend the entire night watching at his! Dickens' Idea About Funerals

Among the letters from Charles Dickens left by his sister, the late Mrs. Austin, is one in answer to one of hers inviting him to her adopted son's funeral. After pleading a press of business as a reason for refusing the invitation he adds: "Between ourselves. have the greatest objection to attend a funeral in which my affections are not strongly and immediately con-cerned. I have no notion of a funeral as a matter of form or ceremony. And, just as I should expressly forbid the summoning to my own burial of anybody who was no very near or dear to me, so I revolt from myself appearing at that solemn rite unless the deceased were near or dear to me. I cannot endure being dressed up by an undertaker as part of his trade show. I was not in this poor fellow's home in his lifetime, and I fee

the young widow, but that feeling is a real thing, and my attendance as a mourner would not be-to myself." Better Stay at Home. Mrs. Watts-So you have been playing poker again, have you? I have a great notion to go home to father. Mr. Watts-Betser stay where you are. The old man lost all he had and all he could borrow last night.-Indi-

that I have no business there when he

anapolis Journal. -Merino sheep were first introduced into the United States from Spain by Col. David Humphreys Cate minister to CAPITAL, the Spanish court), in 1892. He brought SURPLUS. one hundred of that breed to New England. For this act, so useful in providing for the improvement of sheep in America, the Massachusetts society for omoting agriculture presented Col-Humphreys with a gold medal.

HOME SACRIFICES.

The Hardships of Loysity to Family Ob.

A Yale student had barely finished his college course when his father died suddenly, leaving a large family in reduced circumstances. The young man had planned a professional career for himself, and had an excellent opening in a western city. Without a murmur he remained in the east, obtained a clerkship in an insurance office, and earned what he could for the support of his family.

Year after year he devoted his life with cheerfulness to a business for which he had no taste. It was a plain duty to help his mother and sisters, and it was not shirked.

As time passed he read law and was admitted to the bar, but the necessity of feeding and clothing those at home forced him to remain an insurance clerk. Meanwhile, college classmates without a drag upon their careers were rising steadily to positions of eminence in professional life.

"Some men always get the burnt

cooky," he used to say, grimly. That was his sole comment upon the sacrifice of his youthful hopes and am-Another college graduate had hardly received his diploma before he was compeled to face poverty and family deed, and her impulsive spouse soon disgrace. His father, who had been began to manifest more warmth of reputed to be wealthy, was an emfecting than a marriage arranged as bezzler and a fugitive from justice. dependent upon his modest earnings in

He had planned taking an advanced be abandoned. He was in love with a charming girl, but ceased to visit her, since marriage was out of the question. An opportunity for a year's travel in Europe at a friend's expense was given

Year after year he maintained a hard, bitter struggle to make a living at uncongenial employment for his mother and sister, to support his father abroad, and to overcome prejudice caused by the family disgrace. He became a successful business man, but was prematurely gray at forty. His life was haunted by the ghosts of his youthful hopes.

Such lives do not furnish material for exciting estories. They are dall and prosaic, but are nevertheless heroic, To give up all that is dear to youth, and to be loyal to family obligations, sometimes is a crowning triumph of unselfishness.-Youth's Companion.

-The coronach, or mourning for the dead, is still heard in many parts of Scotland as well as Ireland. It is a Scotland as well as Ireland. respect and is still more of the ideal | weird chant, cries of lamentation being mingled with remonstrances adleader. She looks carefully after her dressed to the departed for leaving his

Capitalist - Stockson, what would you advise me to buy to-morrow morn

Gloomy Broker - A breakfast - if you've got the price.-Chicago Trib-

BETTER THAN A PLUSH.

'Speaking of good hands, I held one last night that was worth a cool hundred thousand to me."

"You don't say! What was 't?"
"Miss Bullion's Down on the beach."-Brooklyn Life.

## Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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Office and vards on Mosley ave bu tween Boughs are, and livet at ad brunch yards at Union City, Ohla home City, El Reno and Minco, Ohla lies dead in it. My mind is penetrated with sympathy and compassion for homa Territory.

> W. H. Leriscorros, State National Bank.

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